



## Pausing . . . to light . . .

*by David P. Graham*

pausing today to light my pipe,  
watching the drizzle water the ground  
at winter's end,  
looking upon corn stubble across the road  
with a grey mist for backdrop,  
my heart reflected this funeral feeling  
soon to be buried with darkness,  
but the rain stopped. . .

(still a grey backdrop),  
and I the only spectator to the play  
as two wild geese entered stage,  
foraging the stubble,  
then enter a single rabbit, upstage right  
joining the birds in their act,  
all exiting while I turned to empty my pipe.

now,  
my heart welcomed this hopeful drama  
as my applause echoed in Nature's auditorium,  
and the dark curtain sank slowly down  
while she took a slow bow.